

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 8

No word up to the time we write has come out of the frozen North about "Titina," the dog who went with Nobile.

What shall be said of the American architect who insisted that there be carved in stone upon the balustrade of the library at Louvain the words that would keep alive the bitterness of a day the nations are trying to forget?

Opposition in England to what are known as "blood sports" is rapidly growing. It is hard for us this side of the water to understand how they have been tolerated so long. But the English wonder at some of the evils tolerated by us. There is much glass in the house in which we live.

We regret that a report of the celebration of Be Kind to Animals Week in Winchester, Mass., was received too late for inclusion with our account of that anniversary. The principal feature was the exhibition in the large office window of the Winchester *Star* of many interesting animal pictures.

In his speech nominating Governor Smith for the presidency, Mr. Roosevelt, among the other characteristics of the candidate, spoke of his love for animals. Probably never before in the history of the nation has any speaker on such an occasion deemed such a characteristic worthy of mention.

Some idea of the rapidity with which gasoline has been doing the work of horses and other means of transportation may be gained from the following figures: Automobile registrations in 1904, 55,000; in 1927, 23,127,315. In 1904 gasoline production was 290,556,000 gallons; in 1927, 14,030,844,000.

At the Pittsburgh Work-Horse Parade, held June 9 last, the largest number of horses ever entered in the history of the organization were exhibited. The president of the Association, Wm. F. H. Wentzel, says: "For fine, heavy work-horses we believe Pittsburgh is second to no other city in the country."

Time, Time, Time!

YES, the bigger the job the more time it takes. Elsewhere in this issue are two or three paragraphs from John Galsworthy. They help us to be patient, and we hope they will have the same effect upon our readers. "We simply have to recognize," he says, "that the whole movement towards decent treatment of animals and birds is a terribly slow one and that its only chance of real progress lies in gradual educational infection." It is so easy for those who have never faced the obstacles that stand over against a great reform to criticize. For eighteen years we have put more time, energy, and thought into the effort to lessen the suffering of our food animals in the process of slaughter than into any other one activity. We started out with sustaining hope. We deemed the goal not too far away.

Where are we now? Our discovered device is being tried out under the direction of the Institute of American Meat Packers. We are promised an early report on the demonstration. Only this after eighteen years! Even should the device be accepted there remains the whole question of having it adapted to the millions of small animals annually slaughtered. Listen again to Galsworthy: "A very slow movement, but I believe—nay, I am certain—a very sure one. There are all sorts of evidence as to that. Anyway, I for one and you, I hope, however many you may be, are not going to be discouraged. We shall yet see, if not the millennium in this matter, at least such improvement as will shake the main burden of shame from off our minds and hearts."

Devocalizing the Dog

THE operation by which the dog's vocal cords can be removed as performed by a Johns Hopkins professor some time ago was repeated upon a dead dog last month here in Massachusetts. With regard to the Johns Hopkins professor we said at the time:

"He gives the various details with great clearness, telling how the dog, first etherized, should be fastened, his jaws opened as far as possible, the tongue drawn out by tongue for-

ceps to the limit, then how to seize the epiglottis by a long pair of tissue-grasping forceps, The epiglottis drawn forward, we are told how to insert the blade of a No. 1 small Hartman punch, and so on till the chords are entirely cut away from the larynx. True, he says, this must all be done before the anæsthetization has worn off, or a coughing reflex will occur each time the lining of the larynx is touched. The only sound the dog can make after the operation is a muffled, hissing sound scarcely audible in the next room.

"We marvel that the man guilty of this operation, more than 100 of which have been performed, he says, in the past year, has the face to publish the account of it for the benefit of other men as heartless as himself. We protest against it in the name of humanity and believe all fair-minded men and women and physicians and surgeons as well will endorse our protests."

From the protests that have come to us, and from the letters sent to the press by dog lovers, we imagine there is little danger of the dogs in this Commonwealth being subjected to this treatment. It is the owner of the dog which disturbs the neighbors who is at fault. Tie the dog up in the yard, shut him up in the house and go away, neglect him, and, above all, fail to teach him, as he can be taught, not to spend his time barking, and of course there will be trouble. The vast majority of dogs in homes are not given to disturbing the peace. It is almost invariably the dog neglected or wrongly cared for by his owner who gives any cause of complaint. Who would want a watch-dog that didn't bark? Who that loves a dog would rob him of his voice? Other people haven't any business with dogs.

We can only say further that, should that operation on a live dog be performed in Massachusetts and information with regard to it come to our knowledge, we should be compelled to present the matter to the courts, believing it to be a violation of the anti-cruelty laws of this Commonwealth.

Japan recently observed its first Be Kind to Animals Week. Mrs. Charles Burnett, founder of the Humane Society, secured the aid of some of the nation's most noted men and women.

Advance In Humane Reforms Slow But Sure


REAL PROGRESS LIES IN EDUCATIONAL INFECTION, SAYS JOHN GALSWORTHY

More from Mr. John Galsworthy

WHAT stands in the way of better treatment of beasts by man is not so much our present insensitiveness, because the general feeling about animals is pretty good—much better than it used to be. It is rather that the insensitiveness of the past has set certain inhumane fashions, and built up certain vested interests in animal suffering—such fashions and interests as those involved in bird fancying, menagerie keeping, animal training, the fur and feather trades; to some extent zoological societies; dealing in old horses; conservative butchering; trapping; hackney showing, which favors that abomination the docked tail; keeping chained watch-dogs; and others more controversial.

If you know anything of politics, you will realize the enormous difficulty there always is in getting Parliament to pass a law which does away with, or seriously curtails, a vested interest, or even a time-honored fashion. The moment it comes to trying to save beasts suffering at the expense of a definite class of men or women, the reformer is right up against it. The threatened interest always gets the ear of the House first. For whatever reason—and we may as well be charitable and say it's because men cannot bear to think of other men suffering in pocket through their actions—reform gets burked, or so watered down that it amounts to little more than a license to continue a slightly modified abuse. Man comes first, beasts also run. But in the true interests of the beasts it is no use feeling desperate about these deadlocks on the line. We simply have to recognize that the whole movement towards decent treatment of animals and birds is a terribly slow one, and that its only chance of real progress lies in gradual educational infection. A very slow movement, but I believe—nay, I am certain—a very sure one. There are all sorts of evidence as to that. Anyway, I for one, and you, I hope, however many you be, are not going to be discouraged.

We shall yet see, if not the millennium in this matter, at least such improvement as will shake the main burden of shame from off our minds and hearts.



**I LEARN
MY TRICKS
WITH PAIN
I TRAVEL CRAMPED
IN THIS BOX
I PERFORM IN DREAD OF
PUNISHMENT**

BE NOT DECEIVED!

**JOIN THE
JACK LONDON CLUB**

Tom Mix on Animal Acts

DURING his recent engagement in Boston, Mr. Tom Mix, expert horseman and popular motion picture actor, expressed some of his opinions upon the exploitation of animals for the entertainment of amusement seekers. So clearly do they uphold the tenets of the Jack London Club, which continues to operate as a check upon the stage performances of animals, that they will interest a great number of readers. He said: "I am unalterably against any treatment of animals by humans that can lead even to the possibility of discomfort for the animals. If animals had been intended to go mincing about on their hind legs, wearing calico dresses and carrying sunshades, they would have been made that way in the first place."

Mr. Mix also dealt a characteristic, telling blow to the rodeo when he said: "Rodeos are a purely artificial sport, devised to satisfy jaded appetites for spectacle. They serve no good purpose; they are not a characteristic recreation of the true cowboy; they are not typical of any phase of authentic frontier life, and they mock at a fundamental of cowboy life, which is the good care of horses that are a means of livelihood, to say nothing of being pretty good company."

"And then there's ear-cropping for dogs and tail-docking for horses. I wouldn't want to look any horse in the face after I had had his tail docked. If it had been meant to be that way, it would have been. I often wonder how the fellow who crops his dog's ears just for the sake of making a show in some foolish dog show ring would like it if someone came along and told him his business success would depend on having his ears snipped off just a little this way or that way."

Animal Trainers Losing Jobs

Lean days have come to animal trainers. There are few places left to exhibit their acts. Cruelty to animals prevention societies caused their undoing. Circuses and vaudeville circuits are banning their appearance. One famous wild animal trainer is now running a small grocery in the Bronx.

The most ferocious wild animal acts were the "cats" or tigers. They nursed a constant, sullen resentment against captors. Few tiger trainers escaped the eventual slashing. They were handled chiefly by intimidation and this cruelty helped bring about the final revolt against all animal acts.

From "New York Day by Day" by O. O. McIntyre

The exploitation of cruelty to animals in the form of public entertainment is wholly un-American. The vicious rodeo does not typify the spirit of the West; it libels and dishonors it.

It is the unnatural, abnormal tricks animals are compelled to perform that were taught them in a school of cruelty. First and foremost it has been the purpose of the Jack London Club to put an end to them.

Trainers of performing animals are now pandering to the inhumane minority.

The Monkey Speedway Outrage

ONE of the most contemptible of amusement features permitted at many summer resorts, beaches, carnivals, etc., is known as the "monkey speedway." It is an exhibition inhumane and objectionable from any and every point of view. To watch these luckless, nervous, little creatures strapped into miniature automobiles, handled roughly and whirled around on electrified tracks is enough to call forth the pity and resentment of a majority



DISTRAUGHT VICTIM OF SELFISH PROFIT

of spectators. The looks and actions of the animals clearly show distress and oftentimes actual suffering. We are unqualifiedly opposed to this questionable form of entertainment and urge all those of like persuasion to do whatever may be possible to discourage it.

In this connection we are pleased to refer to the action recently taken by the secretary of the Sioux City, Iowa, Humane Society, Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, who upon investigating the conditions of the monkeys with the Lachman-Carson carnival, found that they were being kept in small, unclean cages, and that they were worked too long. Two of the monkeys were given a vacation—one because he is getting old and the other because he had been injured in an accident. She found the injured monkey in one of the motor cars used in the monkey races. He was suffering from a large cut and bleeding. Mrs. Baldwin limited the time of the show to two hours and decreed that the animals should be kept in the cars only twenty-five minutes at a time.

She also closed a show in which turtles were placed under a strong light and forced to race. The operator of the show was wont to beat and step on the turtles when they refused to move.

Early prevention of cruelty is worth far more than belated prosecution for it.

Sacrifice of Fur-Bearing Animals

TIME was when the teamster, guiding from his high seat his span in the face of an angry blizzard, needed his coat of raccoon, but the dwindling ranks of this unique animal have placed such a garment beyond the laborer's reach, and will no longer justify the long coat of the youth lounging bare-headed in his electrically heated limousine. And what shall one say of the scarf of fox worn in the sweltering heat of July, or the deep hem of badger or otter setting off a garment otherwise selected for coolness rather than warmth? Why should the destruction of our interesting wild creatures be allowed to go on unchecked until we can no longer trace even their footmarks in our forests and by our stream sides? Some of our fur animals, I repeat, are being swept out of existence, and with them is vanishing the opportunity to learn what are their relations to the rest of our fauna and flora. In the clamor raised by efforts to emphasize the destructive food habits of our smaller carnivorous animals, we are prone to overlook the vast benefits that accrue from their preying on the rodents that ravage our crops, a function that the furred flesh-eaters share with the feathered guardians of field and wood, the hawks and owls.

EDWARD A. PREBLE in "Our Disappearing Fur Bearers"

The Fur Sales Argument

GEORGINA H. THOMSON

ANNE was thinking of buying a fur coat, and had asked me to come with her to look over a likely purchase. The salesgirl held out the luxurious wrap and Anne slipped into it, drawing it close about her.

"You see," said the salesgirl, "only the best of the fur has been used. Each of these strips was an animal."

I looked over the garment with a sudden sickening. Each little strip an animal, and there were hundreds of them!

A dimness came over my eyes, and the fashionable fur shop faded and receded. I was out on the high bank of a stream, with the rolling prairie in its brown autumn dress stretching far away to a smoke-dimmed horizon. The wind swept over me with a tang of autumn, sweet to the senses, with just a hint of frost to come. Far below me flowed the sluggish stream, not a ripple to show that there was motion at all—but yes, there was a ripple, a V-shaped ripple, that gradually elongated itself, as the head of it forged on and on. I watched that little brown head intently and knew it to be that of a muskrat. On it went, a little animated speck in the dull, still water. Once it dived, alarmed by something I could not see, but I saw it come up again at some distance off and continue its course. Whether it was out for a little pleasure jaunt, or pursuing some important errand, I could not say. But it seemed such a joyous little entity of life, there in the sluggish, meandering stream, on the brown, wind-swept prairie, that just to remember it brought a thrill of independence to my own heart.

Every strip an animal! What was the intermediate stage? Who concealed the trap there in the cool rushes? And when the cruel jaws had snapped on the little furry creature, how many hours did it linger in agony before a blow stilled the tiny, wild heart?

Every strip an animal! I do not envy Anne her coat now. I think I can never wear furs again.

The Twenty-seventh Spring

DALLAS LORE SHARP

OF COURSE a cigarette will get them," said my visitor dejectedly, referring to a tract of old-growth pines which he was turning over to the New England Federation of Bird Clubs for a sanctuary. He went on: "Reforestation can never keep ahead of the fire."

And yet his father had snatched that piece of pine forest from a portable saw-mill nearly a hundred years before; and the somber trees, then venerable, have continued their ancient congregation to this day on the Cohasset hills.

The destruction of forest life, and all wild life, by fire in this country is awful. No other word will cover it. Yet the forests survive, and with the passing of this piece of pines from private to public ownership there should come a quickened public interest and responsibility which will snuff out the public cigarette, reducing the hazards of its fire.

Before me lies the last report of the heath hen on Martha's Vineyard—for April, 1928—showing that only three of the birds of that beautiful, and once abundant, race are now alive, and that these three are all males. The end has come. With our own eyes we are actually seeing the tragedy of extinction—a name being blotted out of the Book of Life! And this in spite of protection, though thousands of dollars with continued scientific care has been spent in behalf of the remnants of this vanishing tribe.

But it all came too late. The Black Hand of the Game Laws had long ago marked this bird for death. And yet, through these very laws, this sacrifice of the heath hen may work for the saving of the grouse and quail. We must not let the heath hen die in vain. Later and better laws must follow, and are following, and many a species of wild bird, even some now doomed as "game," shall fly to them for sanctuary and in them find life and freedom under the open sky.

The American traveler in old England is struck with the extraordinary number of birds there, as compared with those of this younger, wilder land. Stricter laws, longer and better education, together with better food conditions under agriculture, largely explain this difference of numbers. On my hill here in Hingham, however, I am having the most abundant bird crop I have ever known. The birdiest acre in England could scarcely show a greater number, or a larger variety, of birds to the acre than is shown by the acre immediately about my house this June. Sun spots may account for them, but stricter laws, and better education in school and at the clubs and on the air, more certainly account for them.

Held in check for the last five or six years, the devouring gypsy moth is again on the advance through my woodlot. This June the trees are in deep and shady leaf, but I dread the coming of another spring. I have fought this fight with my town year after year. The state and the scientific forces of the country have been in arms with us. Year after year it was a losing fight in my bit of woods, the oldest of the oaks falling before the army of the worms. Then the tide turned, and today the ground pines which filled the ranks of the fallen oaks, march out against their gypsy foe, not conquering, but in better battle line than ever before.

If the fight is not yet won, it is not yet lost. Fire and worm and our old lust for blood are not subdued, but they can be driven back and held besieged. Nature herself under civilization needs direction and the control of human hands,—the very hands which have been the most disruptive and uncontrolled of forces working counter to nature's ways, because, hitherto, they have worked without either light or law or love. The light is come. The laws are on the statute books. But love is laggard, love which should run ahead of the clock.

As I write the phoebe calls from the ridge-pole of the barn. Two eggs of her second clutch for this season are in the nest beside the pig-pen. For twenty-six springs (ever since my moving here) a pair of phoebes have built their nest within, or somewhere near, the pig-pen, and have called to me from the ridge-pole of my barn.

A week or two ago I saw the five young birds of the first brood, all banded, start from the nest and flutter out on untied wings and lodge safely among the trees,—Nature's faithful promise of a new nest by the pig-pen when next year's April comes. And to make it doubly sure, she is cradling a second brood in the cup-like, mossy nest, five more to flutter out and fly away, far south for the winter, in order that two may return for the twenty-seventh spring.

But I have to sprinkle this second brood with lice-powder or the vermin will eat them. Long ago, before the age of pig-pens and bridges, there might have been danger of more phoebes than insects, and Nature called up this plague of lice to destroy the second broods, and so maintained the delicate balance among the many clans. But the pig-pen and all that enters and leaves it, upset the insect balance, until today, too many phoebes are all but inconceivable. I will sprinkle the third brood with lice-powder, if there is a third brood, and I will even help feed them gypsy moths.



GREAT HORNED OWL

An object of terror to all small wild life

Is Your Dog Stubborn?

L. E. EUBANKS

INSTANCES have been known in which a child suffered himself to be beaten to death because rendered apparently incapable of performing a simple command. It is very much the same way with a dog. To stand over him with loud noises and menacing gestures often so frightens him that he cannot obey your orders—cannot even think. He is, for the time, virtually paralyzed.

Temperament has to be considered in dealing with dogs. Remember, he is next to man in intelligence. Recently I saw an instance of self-consciousness in a dog—just as plainly self-consciousness as I ever saw in a person.

The little fellow, a fox terrier, had been ordered to walk across the street on his hind legs. At his first attempt, a crowd gathered. Immediately, the dog showed timidity, and for the life of him he could not keep his balance for more than a few steps.

The man remarked that his pet had done the trick scores of times; but in answer to my question he said that the terrier had never performed before a crowd. Most of the spectators thought that the dog was stubborn, but he was not; he wanted to obey, but his mind was on the crowd and he could not concentrate on the trick. Later, when only a few persons remained, he succeeded.

Often dogs are easily intimidated, and the more you rail at or whip such a dog, the more helpless he becomes. He is like a child, but he remains that way; age does not develop the faculty of reason as it does in a person. If temperamentally timid and sensitive as a puppy, he cannot school himself out of the weakness as a girl or boy does—anyway, not to anything like the same extent.

Gentleness and kindness are absolutely the only effective measure with such a dog. Usually, he is particularly smart, if wisely handled. He will do anything for you, his master, if he can and when he can; but there may be certain conditions, as it was with the fox terrier and the crowd, that inhibit, shackle his abilities. It is up to you to know your pet's disposition and to treat him accordingly. A stubborn dog is rare indeed; I cannot say that I have ever known one, and I have known a lot of dogs.

Under normal conditions of surroundings and health, the average dog is affectionate and obedient. To him, you, his master, are the whole world. He lives for you, gets his greatest joy from pleasing you and earning a kind word and a few pats on the head. Such a creature does not know what stubbornness is; when he fails there is some good reason; he may not understand, he may be ill, or he may be so nervous or embarrassed that he has no muscular control. If you own two dogs, jealousy will often hamper one of them; he is too hurt over your partiality to do himself justice. But he isn't stubborn; he'd like nothing better than to do his best, but he can't do it when you are obviously more fond of the other dog.

The Cleveland Humane Society, originally organized in 1873 for the protection of animals but, in 1876, including the protection of children, has now given up entirely the care of animals and is devoted wholly to the children's work. Its department of animal protection has been merged with the Animal Rescue Home under the name of The Humane Society Animal Rescue Home which is devoted entirely to the protection of animals.

The Haunted House

HANS P. DREYER

FOR two weeks it had been reported that a cottage belonging to Mr. Clay Hill, president of the Clay Hill Lumber Co., at the Brookfield, Mo., Country Club, was a haunted house. Numerous witnesses testified that they had heard the staccato noise as if made by a drummer, but each time someone came close to the house or entered the noise subsided only to begin again as soon as the person left the vicinity of the cottage.

The story of the haunted house grew like the proverbial snow-ball, and finally Mr. Hill decided to go out to the Country Club to make a personal investigation.

The investigation was made and witnessed by the caretaker of the club grounds and several friends from the cottages near Mr. Hill's. The solution of the mystery was like a movie tragedy. On the floor of the one-room summer cottage lay a dead red-headed woodpecker. A glance at the sheet-iron camp stove on the north side of the room revealed a hole big enough for the bird to go through.

The result of the examination of the stove, room and chimney shows that somehow the big woodpecker got down into the chimney and from there into the stove-pipe and down into the sheet-iron camp stove. Evidently, instinctively as a matter of self-preservation, the bird started hammering at the side of the sheet-iron stove in order to find a way of escape. Dark as it was, the plucky bird nevertheless hammered at the inside of the sheet-iron and finally succeeded in boring a hole big enough for it to get through. The sheet-iron had become rusty during the several weeks in which no one occupied the cottage in the winter. According to witnesses, the tapping had been heard for several days, some say a week, so it is assumed it took the bird that long to cut its way through; but, alas! the reward for its heroic act in the dark stove after a long week's work was only to fall into another trap where it died of starvation. There was nothing in the room to eat and no way of escape as the shutters had been closed and the room was dark.

The battered bill of the woodpecker told the story of its heroic efforts to get out, and the tiny pieces of the stove lay in little heaps on the inside, telling an eloquent story how the bird had hammered and picked piece by piece in order to make the hole big enough to make its escape.

Mr. Hill's little boy, eight years old, took the dead bird and put him in a little pasteboard box and buried him on the shore of the Brookfield Country Club lake.

A Word for Coyotes and Rabbits

JOHN L. McCARTY

PEOPLE over the southwestern part of the United States insist upon killing campaigns against the coyote, a really likable sort of animal with a rare sense of humor, a lot of smart traits and an unwarranted reputation as a farmyard or ranch pest. The government maintains hundreds of men and spends great amounts of money in exterminating these animals which have a right to live and which when left to their own program of life will do little harm to farmyard fowls.

In places where great campaigns against the coyote have been waged it has been noted by farmers and ranchers that the number of jack rabbits increase in proportion to the success of the killers. The rabbits become such menaces to crops, gardens and trees that great rabbit drives are staged by entire communities, resulting in the wholesale slaughter of hundreds of rabbits. These rabbit drives are examples of shameless atrocity against animal life.

The rabbit drives were made necessary because the coyotes were exterminated. It has been found that where wholesale killing, poisoning and trapping campaigns were conducted against the coyote, within a few months or a year a similar drive was necessary against the rabbits. Left alone to follow their courses, the coyotes and the rabbits fight their own battles, figuratively speaking, and the balance of nature is maintained. The coyote feeds upon the rabbit and when the farmer kills off the rabbit the coyote has to resort to catching chickens and turkey. Much obnoxious slaughter of harmless and innocent animals would be prevented if nature were left undisturbed.



Photo by Bachrach

PRESIDENT MARY E. WOOLLEY OF MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE, SOUTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

A firm believer that dogs are "man's best friends." She is here shown at her home with her two collies. Miss Woolley is an honorary vice-president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

To Fido the Faithful

LOUELLA C. POOLE

SO much of love in your deep eyes,
I read, O friend of mine,
So much of loyalty supreme,
So much of courage fine,
I think I never can repay
The debt I owe to you—
The gift of your great loving heart,
O friend, so fond and true!

Alas, I do not feel so sure
Of some I call my friends,
For sometimes friendship tends, I fear,
To mercenary ends,
And too exacting oft are found,
Too quick to take offense,
Are some whose love we've sadly found
Was but a mere pretense!

But you are quite incapable
Of falseness and deceit,
And when I hear your joyous bark,
The patter of your feet,
That greet my home return, and gaze
Into your eyes so clear,
I know I have at least one friend—
True, faithful, and sincere.

For the Love of Dogs

ALL my life, since a small child, I have been a lover of animals. I have been receiving *Our Dumb Animals* for the past nearly ten years and I take this opportunity to thank you for sending it. I shall always appreciate it.

Thus writes a correspondent, Mrs. A. L. Robison of Yakima, Washington, who further recalls a remarkable incident concerning her son and his rescue from drowning by her brave and intelligent dog. The facts which she relates are substantially as follows: We were living on a hill at the foot of which was a creek. It was during the high-water season one day that I put my two-year-old son on his bed for a nap and went about my work. An hour later I heard our shepherd dog barking frantically on the bank of the creek. He was pointing toward an object in the water and I saw at a glance that it was my baby floating among some driftwood. Almost breathlessly I ran as fast as I could, but not knowing how to swim, I fell in a dead faint on reaching the stream. How long I was unconscious I do not know, but as I slowly revived I felt a wet body close to my own. There by my side was my boy rescued and restored to me by the noble dog, and alive. The little lad had slipped out the back door and gone on a tour of adventure. He owes his life to that dumb but watchful companion who saved him when I was utterly helpless. And that is perhaps the best reason why I am fond of dogs and feel that they are deserving of our love and kindness.

Morning dawned dark and dreary and the farmer's boy, who was new to farm life, groped his way to the stable to harness a horse.

It was very dark inside the stable and the boy failed to notice that a cow stood in the horse's stall.

Presently the farmer, annoyed at having to wait, made his appearance.

"Hurry up with that 'orse!" he cried. "I've got to get to market early."

"Sorry, master," returned the other, "but I can't get the beast's collar on. His blinkin' ears are frozen stiff."

—Answers

Dogs of the North

WILLIAM THOMPSON, F. R. G. S.

Photograph by the Author

WITHOUT the dog, the known geographical limits of the earth would be much narrower than they are now, and the names of Amundsen, or Peary, or Scott, or Shackleton, would never have gone down to posterity among chieftains of Arctic discovery. The faithful dogs whose bones rest in the frozen North have paid the price that made the achievements of Arctic explorers possible.

The dogs of the Arctic and sub-Arctic have been made vicious and irritable by the cruel treatment given them by the Indian and Eskimo. To the Northland people the dog is an absolute necessity. Without the faithful, but much abused husky, the people of the snows could not exist very long. Three or four dogs are capable of hauling their master with an added load of deer, seal or bear meat hundreds of miles, and often with little food, their rations being one or two fish of two or three pounds in weight, frozen or dried, each

the captain and the mate turned in for the night. To their astonishment they found in the morning that the dogs, or as many as could be accommodated, were sleeping peacefully upon the roof of their house, buried under three or four feet of snow, and the others were scattered about the deck in the most exposed places possible, apparently as comfortable as if they were basking on an August day at Palm Beach.

There is no field that needs the offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals more than the Northern wilds. The Indians are especially cruel to their dogs, leaving them in summer to forage for themselves, as there is little work for the animals to do, and the Indians have little interest in them except as they are of immediate use. The Eskimos of the Delta and Coast are much more highly civilized than the Indians of the Slave and Mackenzie Rivers, and are much more considerate of their dogs.



THE DOG TEAM IN ARCTIC CANADA

evening. If deer or moose is plentiful, he may share parts not desired by his master.

Among the more civilized Indians and Eskimos in the vicinity of the Mackenzie Delta above the Arctic Circle, the logs used for the construction of shacks are all drawn from the woods in winter by the dogs. The Eskimo dog, a splendid, heavy-haired animal, is capable of drawing his master twenty or thirty miles a day over the smoothly frozen Arctic snows. The running of the sled is made easy by coating its runners with ice, which is done by pouring upon the running parts water, which freezes immediately.

This story is recorded by a whaling captain who was very fond of dogs. On his first voyage he wintered near Herschel Island, Arctic Ocean. Buying from the Delta Eskimos five splendid specimens, he thought he would better serve them by building a warm dog-house on the deck of his ship. The mercury often went as low as 84 below zero, and blinding snow-storms buried everything under gigantic drifts. So the captain ordered his mate to see that his dogs were comfortably housed inside their new structure. With much difficulty they were driven into the new quarters which had been made more habitable by the contents of a straw mattress that the mate had torn open and with which he had made a soft place for the animals. A stout piece of canvas at the door served as a protection from the wind and the drifting snow.

Content that they had done a humane act,

The writer has a friend in the service of the Canadian Government who made with five dogs a journey of two thousand miles without a mishap. Only seven nights he slept in a shack; the other nights he lay on a bed of spruce boughs made upon the snow, with the heaven as a roof and the stars as his night lights and his faithful huskies scattered around him to warn him of wolf and bear. In the morning by his watch only, as it was never really day at that time of year in that latitude, his dogs would burrow from the snow drifts and by their howling, announce it was time to feed and be on their journey. Tea and dried deer meat having been served, they would again continue their journey over the trails of a world of vast silence, the faithful dogs plodding with tense nostrils and teeth set to the chill of an Arctic blizzard, uncomplaining and willing—so willing that they risked dropping in their tracks exhausted and dying, while serving their master.

More beetles are found in Hawaii than anywhere else. Naturalists estimate that scores of varieties in Hawaii are not found elsewhere.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 189 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1928

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Raising Money by Cruelty

WE frequently receive letters protesting against entertainments involving much cruelty to animals given by lodges and charitable organizations for the purpose of raising money. A notable case is that of King Brothers Rodeo, brought recently to Chattanooga, Tennessee, by a lodge of Elks. Bulldogging of steers was one of the features of the exhibition, and arrests were made by the Chattanooga Humane Society which, in spite of threats of various kinds, prosecuted the cases with great determination and courage. Unfortunately the judge was persuaded by certain veterinarians that to leap on a steer's back from a running horse, to seize it by its horns and then so to twist its head and neck as to throw it headlong to the ground, caused the steer no pain or discomfort. We trust humane societies, wherever this King Brothers Rodeo or any other similar Wild West Show goes, will do their utmost, as the Chattanooga Society did, to stop those special exhibitions where wholly unnecessary suffering is caused animals.

One Way to Stop War

It is purposed to submit to the legislature of Denmark a bill which, in case it becomes law, would place, should war break out, in the firing line the head of the state, all male blood relatives of the head of the state sixteen years old or over, all civilian officials and military, naval, and air officers attached to the household of the head of the state, the prime minister and other secretaries of state, and all bishops, prelates, or ecclesiastics of similar rank. The bill would also create a Secretary of State for Peace and a Department or Ministry of Peace. Evidently no legislature would pass such a bill, but we all know that the nation having such a law would probably follow the Scripture injunction to "seek peace and pursue it."

New Society in Exeter, N. H.

As an outcome of the mass meeting held in that town last April, the Exeter Animal Welfare Society, Inc., was organized May 23, with James A. Tufts, president; James A. Purington, vice-president; Maude Morrison Frank, secretary; and Mrs. Edward A. Shute, treasurer.

The address is P. O. Box 49, Exeter, New Hampshire, telephone 424 M.

A Letter to the London "Daily News" from a Distinguished Monkey

OF course "Consul Junior," the celebrated chimpanzee of the London Zoo, did not really write the letter. It was George Bernard Shaw who took it upon himself to speak for Consul Junior and so for the whole simian race. We doubt if this well-known ape, were he endowed with the power of human speech and gifted with the pen of the scribe, could have done better.

The letter was apparently called forth by the widely circulated stories of Voronoff's experiments in transplanting monkey glands into those who would by these means recover the vitality of bygone years.

This is what in part Shaw said: "We apes are a kindly race, but this is more than we can stand. Has any ape ever torn the glands from a living man to graft them upon another ape for the sake of a brief and unnatural extension of that ape's life? Was Torquemada an ape? Were the inquisition and the star chamber monkey houses? Were Luke's 'iron crown' and Damien's 'bed of steel' the work of apes? Has it been necessary to found a society for the protection of ape children? Was the late war one of apes or of men? Was poison gas a simian or a human invention?" The letter closes as follows: "Man remains what he always has been—the cruellest of all animals and the most elaborately and fiendishly sensual. Let him presume no further on his grotesque resemblance to us; he will remain what he is in spite of all Dr. Voronoff's efforts to make a respectable ape of him."

If only Consul Junior could read Shaw's letter and understand it!

Eating Meat

Today we read that more meat is being eaten in the United States per capita than ever. Tomorrow we are quite likely to see the contrary stated. Well, here's a report in the *New York World* which tells us that the National Shoe Retailers Association lays the blame for the scarcity of hides and the high price of leather upon the vegetarians. The report says that people are eating less meat, therefore fewer cattle are killed and the cost of shoes will continue to rise. An Australian paper says:

During the war there was a big surplus of skins and hides, owing largely to the huge quantity of cattle slaughtered for meat for the soldiers. We have been drawing on this surplus ever since. It is exhausted, and there are not now sufficient cattle being killed to supply the increasing demand for leather. . . . In Russia, where so many of the hides come from, we are told that the population has lost its taste for meat—owing largely to their going without it for so long during the famine period. In America the shortage of hides is being traced to that nation's demand for young and tender meat. Most of the cattle are slaughtered there when less than two years old, and the hides are not as suitable for the trade as when older beasts are used.

It is certainly true that in recent years far more importance is being given by those who should know the relative value of foods to the health-giving qualities in our common vegetables.

One thing about the good old days, if you bought a horse you could be pretty sure the model wouldn't change next month.

—Cincinnati Enquirer

Humane Progress in Turkey

WE are glad to announce that the Minister of Agriculture in Turkey who has charge of everything connected with animal conservation, has ordered the use of humane slaughtering pistols in every abattoir under Government control in Turkey. Also that he has given strict orders to every Vali (Governor) in Turkey that the birds must be protected, and that every policeman and gendarme must be instructed to stop the liming of small birds and snaring them with nets or other traps.

The Constantinople S. P. C. A., upon learning this, immediately sent out more than 5,000 letters to the Turkish schools throughout the country, begging the teachers to teach the pupils the value of birds, and also to teach kindness to all animals. Many cordial responses were received. The Society donated a Cash Captive Bolt Pistol for use in the slaughter-house for horses, which was opened in Stamboul, June 1.

The Society is having all the laws and city regulations printed and will have them posted in public places.

The Angell Prize Speaking Contest, held May 14, 1928, was a great success, the entire student body of Robert College attending, about 750 in all. Beside the declamations there was a fine speech by the Director of the British school in Constantinople.

Guns and Boys

Angelo Patri has the following to say about guns and boys and we heartily agree with him, selecting only a sentence here and there:

"I believe that toy pistols are dangerous toys in that they lead children to think that their use is a logical and proper idea." "No man or woman may carry a gun without a permit, and to get one he or she must show good cause. But children are armed with guns and play murder and hold-up games with them." "It seems to me that there are so many toys that children could use to advantage, and without harm to themselves or others that the symbols of war might be omitted." "Whether you are big navy or little navy, whether you are pacifist or militant, does not matter in the least. You are grown up and are responsible for what you do and are. But childhood is helpless."

"Personally, I hate guns. I would not allow a child under twenty to handle one. If and when it became necessary for him to handle one, I would have him trained to do so by an expert. I wouldn't coax a child to love them." "A broom, a rake, a shovel, a spade, a hatchet and hammer and nails, a wheel and a dog and a kite, a sand lot and a bat and a ball, a horse and a boat and a good pair of hiking shoes, a swim and a race, a sleep under the open sky seem better means of training to fine citizenship than the toy pistol, a rifle, or a sword."

Humane Exhibits at Geneva

Our Societies have recently sent to Geneva, Switzerland, considerable material, consisting of humane posters, books and pamphlet literature, which will become a part of the International Humane Exhibition soon to be established in that city. For the excellent opportunity of having representation in this important centre of world thought the Humane Societies are greatly indebted to the Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lind-af-Hageby.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers. 12,044
Cases investigated. 696
Animals examined. 6,234
Number of prosecutions. 16
Number of convictions. 16
Horses taken from work. 94
Horses humanely put to sleep. 67
Small animals humanely put to sleep. 1,211

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected. 71,849
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep. 62

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Emma Isabel Baker of Shelburne, Henrietta Durant of Lawrence, John A. Hannis of Leominster, Annie Newell Gray of Concord, Charlotte J. Babb of Natick, Henry M. Plummer of Dartmouth, Fannie J. Collins of Boston, and Mary E. McCormick of Los Angeles, Calif.

July 10, 1928.

Horse Watering in Boston

Two hydrant stations for the watering of horses were opened in Boston on June 23 by the Mass. S. P. C. A. During the following two weeks 2,411 horses were given needy relief—an average of 160 animals per day. Other stations were started the second week in July. This is an indispensable humane service to the maintenance of which contributions are invited.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 627	Cases 1,856
Dogs entered 456	Dogs 1,582
Cats 157	Cats 254
Birds 8	Birds 12
Horses 6	Horses 5
Operations 478	Alligator 1
	Monkey 1
	Rat 1

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 73,502
Free Dispensary Cases 133,779

Total 207,281

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in June

Driving lame horse, \$15 fine.
Non-feeding horse, thirty days to House of Correction, suspended.
Driving galled horse, \$15 fine.
Leaving sick horse uncaired for, \$20 fine.
Beating horse, \$10 fine.
Sending out galled horse, \$25 fine.
Failing to provide food for two horses, \$15 fine, committed for non-payment.
Driving galled horse, convicted, case filed on account of defendant's illness.
Beating horse with wire whip, convicted, three months' probation.
Beating horse, convicted, case filed.
Subjecting horse to unnecessary cruelty, \$15 fine.

Humane Handling of Fish

At the request of a humane officer we republish this communication by "R. E. N." to the *Indianapolis Star*:

To the Editor of The Star:

The disregard of the average person for the suffering of fish and other sea animals is astonishing. People foolishly indulgent of some pet in the house will still in some cases not hesitate to torture crabs or turtles.

The killing of fish upon removal from the water is advocated not only on humane grounds but for the reason that the flavor of flesh is impaired by pain experienced previous to death. A sharp blow between the eyes will not take much time and will end the misery of the fish. The skinning of eels alive is a barbarism.

Crabs, lobsters, clams and oysters need not be cooked alive. Insensibility can first be produced. In the case of the lobster, thrust a sharp-pointed knife through the head at a point where two lines following the direction of the eye-stems would meet.

The boy Abraham Lincoln had courage to rescue a turtle from companions who stoned it. No living creature was too insignificant to find a defender in the Great Emancipator. A bird, a pig, a kitter, each was worthy of his attention and interest. Bearing the burden of the affairs of a nation, Lincoln found time for kind acts. Can we emulate a better example?

Animal Life in Hawaii

S. M. NEAL

BEFORE the coming of white people to Hawaii, that island supported but a limited variety of wild animals and there were, of course, no domesticated ones. Mammals, native to Hawaii, included only the dolphin, whale and a species of day-flying bat—not an impressive collection. The first white people to reach the islands were chance explorers who left behind with the natives enough rats, hogs and dogs to give those varieties of vertebrates a start, and when in 1778 Captain James Cook, from England, discovered Hawaii he found the above-named animals there. A Captain Cleveland brought the first horse to the island about 1803. Fish abound in many varieties, but it was the bird life that the early white men found remarkable. This condition does not obtain today, however, since the earlier birds are found but rarely now.

There are native names for some 80 different birds, of which the rarest were the iwi, mamu, and the oo. The iwi is still found but almost entirely in the Mauna Loa district, 4,000 feet above sea level. The distinctive markings of this bird are wonderful golden feathers on its back. Another Hawaiian bird had peculiar golden feathers also, but it is now extinct. It was a small black song-bird, the oo, with just two gold feathers on its breast. The oo and the mamu, another black bird but having scarlet feathers on its wings, were highly prized in early days for these bright feathers, which were made into capes. The golden feathers of the oo seemed most in demand for these glorious capes, which reached from the neck to the knees, and were worn only by people of quality and rank; particularly, did warriors delight in this method of displaying their rank when going into battle. Since a bird never had more than two of these gold feathers, at a time, and several hundred thousand were needed for a cape, the lives of these birds had to be protected and there was a royal edict forbidding them to be killed. Natives caught them in traps so as not to harm the bird, plucked the coveted plumage and let the oo go. Later, two more golden feathers would grow to replace the plucked ones. In those days a great many natives paid their taxes in feathers of the iwi and oo.

The native religion regarded birds as messengers of the gods and their lives were protected, hence bird-life was flourishing. With the coming of Christianity and the downfall of the ancient cults birds are killed by anyone so desiring and natives no longer consider capes made of these bright feathers a prerogative of the higher classes, consequently the birds with those feathers have become almost extinct. The iwi has withdrawn to the elevated region of Mauna Loa and thus escapes somewhat, but the oo and mamu are gone.

In the museum at Honolulu there is a cape made of the feathers of the oo, once the property of Kamehameha, who ruled Hawaii from 1736-1819, and there will never be another such cape. It is kept in a steel vault and is insured for \$1,000,000.

The rice bird is very common on the islands, having arrived at Hawaii with rice, evidently when some Asiatic settlers came. So troublesome is the rice bird that the mongoose was imported to kill it off, but the desired relief did not materialize. Doves are found here but no parrots, neither are there any snakes.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark., Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

For Animals in India

THERE is every likelihood that the Calcutta branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be asked to take control of the work carried on by the society throughout the whole of India, according to a special dispatch from Bombay to *The Christian Science Monitor*. The various branches of the society are being circularized with the object of determining their attitude toward this proposal and it is believed that the scheme will be adopted.

The Calcutta branch, which was founded in 1860, is the largest and wealthiest in the country, and by far the most active. Nearly 19,000 prosecutions in cases of cruelty were instituted by the Calcutta society last year, in practically all of which convictions were obtained. The society receives a fixed yearly grant from the Government of Rs. 120,000.

Humane Education in Philadelphia

J. GIBSON MCILVAIN
President, Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.

SOCIETIES for the prevention of cruelty often place too much emphasis on the cruelty and not enough on prevention. As the child is taught, so shall he grow. The real basis of all anti-cruelty work should be to implant in youth such affection and understanding of animals, with consideration of their rights and welfare, that with maturity the same attitude will be maintained not only toward dumb creation, but to human-kind as well. Who can question who studies the educational field at first hand, the modern tendency to over-emphasize the training of mind and body with slight regard to the moral and spiritual elements which should be part of the well-rounded character. During the year there have been shocking examples here and there of the extremes which this one-sided education may produce, with many lesser instances in our immediate environments. Who can contend that there is widespread and growing respect for law and government, for rights of property and person, for sympathy, honesty and truthfulness? Clear-sighted observers are fully aware of conditions, which with all their labor they are powerless to prevent.

Our happiest achievement in the past twelve months is the superb record which we have made in this direction through our field secretary, Edward N. Skipper. He has spoken in 259 schools and in 109 miscellaneous organizations, including churches, Parent-Teacher and civic associations, men's and women's clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Boy and Girl Scout groups, nature clubs and, as special summer activity, in boys' camps, orphanages, Vacation Bible Schools, settlement houses, playgrounds, hospitals for crippled children and over the radio, reaching, exclusive of the latter, an audience of 118,000 persons. In some schools he has presented his slides and talks five times, but such is the demand for his services that in most cases he can appear only once in a season. Letters have poured in from principals, civic leaders, and club presidents commending his methods, asking for future engagements and relating instances which show that his message had definite moral effect. The unique plan sponsored by this society is wholly responsible for this extraordinary result. This consists of teaching the child the wonders of creation and awakening in its mind such keen and loving interest in the daily lives and behavior of animals that care and protection follow as a natural consequence. The psychology involved is constructive rather than corrective and in keeping with the most approved findings of the present day.

Known by Their Animals

The Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey of the United States have their British trade counterpart in the designation by the Empire Marketing Board of an animal series of show cards for merchants handling domestic and colonial goods. Thus articles originating in the United Kingdom will be indicated by a picture of a lion, other animals being as follows: Australia, a kangaroo; New Zealand, a kiwi; India, an elephant; South Africa, a springbok; West Africa, an alligator; southern Rhodesia, a rhinoceros; the West Indies, a turtle; Malays, a tiger, and Canada, a beaver.

The innovation is expected to stimulate a demand for the dominion's products.

"W'en a Pussy Cat Dies"

YOU'SE as stiff an' as cold as a stone,
Little cat.
Dey'se done frowed you out an' lef' you alone
Little cat.
I'se strokin' you'se fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere.
Little cat—w'y is dat?
Is you'se purrin' an' humpin' all done?
Wy fer is you'se little foot tied,
Little cat?
Did dey pizen you'se tumnick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey hurt you wif kicks,
Or wif big, nasty bricks,
Or poun' you wif sticks,
Little cat—tell me dat?
An' holler w'enever you cwied?
Did it hurt very much w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh w'y didn't you run off an' hide,
Little cat?
I'se all wet in my eyes
Cos I 'most allus cwies
W'en a pussy cat dies.
Little cat. Fink of dat!
An' I'se awfully sowwy besides.
Dest lay down dere in de sof' groun'
Little cat.
W'ile I put de green grass all roun',
Little cat.
Dey won't hurt you no more
W'en you'se tired an' so sore—
D'est lay twiet,
Little cat—wif a pat,
An' forget all de kicks of de town.

Humane Education Laws

We are often asked what states have humane education laws. Both the American Humane Education Society of Boston and the American Humane Association of Albany, N. Y., have compiled a list, showing that there are in all twenty-five such states:

Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Texas, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

Unsuccessful efforts have been made in several other states to secure humane education laws, but with constant agitation it is expected that such legislation will soon be enacted.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1863) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

A Plea for the Cat

IN a recent radio talk, Dr. Hugh F. Dailey, chief veterinarian of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, Boston, said in part:

In our last broadcast I mentioned the fact that people either are extremely fond of cats or cannot tolerate them. We received many letters from those who were fond of them and a few from those who cannot tolerate them. One of the latter letters contained a pamphlet entitled, "The Menace of the Cat." In reading through this pamphlet we find the cat is blamed for upsetting nature's bird balance. We also read that the cat is unnecessary as a rodent destroyer because the various kinds of non-poisonous rat virus on the market at the present do the work effectively.

We have too much respect for the cat and know its habits too well to accept any such statement that the cat alone upsets the balance of nature insofar as birds are concerned. It is shamefully unfair to make such a sweeping statement about the cat and not include the birds of prey, the owl, hawks, and those birds not generally classed as birds of prey, such as the crows, jays, and starlings, who continually destroy the eggs and young of so many of our smaller birds. Add to this list the squirrels, snakes, skunks, raccoons, weasels and foxes, and the spraying of trees with arsenical insecticides and the resurfacing of our roads with tarry dressings. The last may seem a little far-fetched, but only last summer we had fully fifty little birds brought in during one afternoon, victims of this road dressing. They light upon the apparently sandy surface; their little feet sink through into the tar, and they are held prisoners. In their efforts to free themselves they become encased in a coating of sand and tar that causes certain death.

Now, I hope we have a better idea of what really enters into the upsetting of nature's bird balance. Divide the blame properly, and we find that the cat's share is not so great, after all. From careful, personal observation over a number of years, I have found that those birds which usually fall victims of the cat are weaklings or injured birds that never would be able to again take care of themselves under the existing conditions, and if the cat didn't appear on the scene to quickly end their sufferings they would eventually die of thirst and starvation. Which do you think the more merciful? I really believe the cat is only doing what nature intended she should, in obeying the law that only the fit shall survive.

Many of you who have made a close study of cats know well enough that the mother cat can be depended upon to destroy the unfit of her own litter. This fact alone shows that the cat possesses more courage and good judgment in this respect than we humans do who point an accusing finger at her when she treats the unfit of bird world in a like manner.

I also heartily disagree with the statement made in this pamphlet that the cat is unnecessary as a rodent destroyer. There is no method yet conceived that will rid premises of these pests half so thoroughly and effectively as to have a female cat take up her abode on the premises. Continually we have people come to the Hospital to secure cats for this purpose, after all other methods have been tried and failed. Some people object to the kittens that arrive twice a year, but I can assure you that they will not cause you a hundredth part of the trouble and destruction that the same number of rats or mice would cause.

Prevention of Surplus Cats

THE following method of dealing with the "surplus cat" problem has been tried out by an experienced humane worker, and found to be very effective:

When we hear of a neighborhood with a surplus of cats, we go there, talk with the people, win their confidence, and select one reliable person in the neighborhood, who will take in all the sick, stray and unwanted cats and kittens, and phone us to come for them.

We keep a list of all places where they have female cats, and visit these places regularly, several times a year, to get all the unwanted kittens. We always try to get all the female kittens, and also the mother cat, whenever possible, but if the owner wishes to keep the mother cat and one or two kittens, we select healthy male kittens to leave with the mother cat, and take all the rest. Then, after the male kittens are weaned, we try to get the mother cat. Frequently, the owner of a female cat will gladly exchange her for a healthy male kitten, so we always keep a few of the prettiest male kittens on hand for that purpose.

All of the females, which we get, are humanely put to sleep, as the only effective way to deal with the surplus of cats is to destroy the source. We never give out a female cat or kitten. There will always be enough female cats, (which the owners will not give us), to keep the community supplied with sufficient cats to destroy the rats and mice.

When we have more healthy male kittens than we need for exchange purposes, we place them in good homes, which have been carefully investigated. We visit these homes regularly afterwards, going in at unexpected times to see that the kittens are well cared for. We never sell a cat or kitten, so we have the privilege of taking it back at any time, if not well treated, or if it proves unsatisfactory.

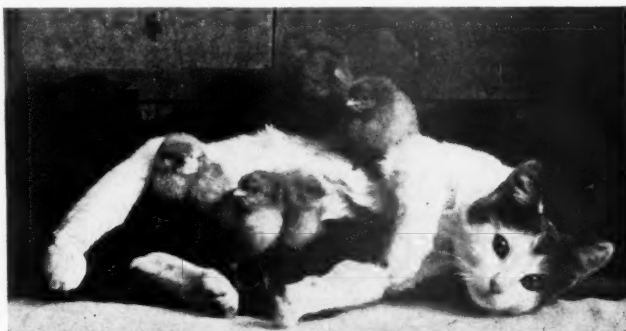
When we visit the foreign neighborhoods (Greek, Italian, Polish, etc.) we take an interpreter with us, who explains our purpose in asking for the unwanted cats and kittens, as it is necessary to win the friendship of such people before they will co-operate with us, and usually these districts have a great surplus of cats.

In each neighborhood we visit, we give talks to the parents and their children on the proper care of cats. If we find parents keeping kittens solely for the purpose of furnishing live toys for their children and permitting the children to torment and abuse the kittens, rather than antagonize the parents by demanding the kittens on humane principles, we sometimes offer inexpensive toys (purchased at the 5 and 10c stores) to the children, in exchange for the kittens, thus retaining the goodwill and co-operation of both parents and children.

We do not permit the average owners of female cats to put the unwanted kittens to sleep themselves, as most of them would do it in a very cruel way, permitting the children to see it done. We would much rather have the kittens given to us, so we know they are humanely disposed of.

We encourage people to feed the sick and homeless cats in their neighborhood, and try to tame them, so they can be coaxed into the house and kept there until we can come for them. All stray cats are carefully examined before we take them away from the place where they were found, as it would be very cruel to dispose of a female cat, which was nursing kittens somewhere in the neighborhood. In such cases, if we are unable to find the kittens, we always let the cat go again at the place where we secured her, so she will go back to her kittens.

Some stray cats are so timid that they cannot be sufficiently tamed to catch by hand, and in such a case, if the cat is suffering from injury or disease, and should be humanely disposed of, it can be caught by using a box, with a drop cover or door, which is attached



STRANGE FOSTER-CHILDREN

by a string or wire to some meat or fish inside the box, so that when the cat starts to eat the food, the cover or door drops, shutting the cat in the box without hurting it in any way. It can then be chloroformed in the box, which is the most humane way of disposing of such a case.

The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., will gladly furnish instructions to any humane worker how to make such a box.

During the winter months, before the spring litters of kittens are born, we make a special effort to get all the female cats that we can, as each female cat, humanely disposed of, prevents the birth of ten or more kittens yearly, thus decreasing our work each year.

Wherever possible, we establish "Cat Relief" stations, which we either visit daily, or have a helper in charge, who puts the cats to sleep within a few hours after they are brought to the station.

This method of collecting the stray and unwanted cats and kittens, and humanely destroying the females, if persistently followed for two or three years, will clean up the surplus of cats in any community, and by talks and the distribution of leaflets on the proper care of cats, the people can be educated on the subject, so they will help to prevent a future surplus of cats and will take better care of those which it is necessary to maintain.

The Cape of Good Hope S. P. C. A., South Africa, has purchased 40 sets of the National Child Welfare animal posters.

Women's Auxiliary Fair

Remember the date and place of the Annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.—Thursday, November 15, 1928, at the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Ponies of the North Carolina Banks

RALPH POOL

ON the North Carolina Banks, that succession of sandy isles fringing the Atlantic like a string of topaz beads, there still survives an industry that is as old as human occupancy of the coast lands—the growing of banks ponies. It is not as profitable an industry as it once was, by reason of the increasing use of the automobile; but still it affords a fair income for many of the “bankers,” as the inhabitants of the banks are called.

When young colts, the banks ponies are branded by their owners, freed on the desolate waste lands of the banks, and left to wring from the country such subsistence as they can. In summer, they live mainly on the tough, wiry grasses that grow on the level spaces between the great, sprawling sand dunes; and in winter they dig up and eat such roots as are to be had. Life during the cold weather months is much of an ordeal for the ponies.

Stern necessity long ago taught the little animals to dig holes in the sand to obtain fresh water, when the usual supply failed; and they have learned in many other ways to meet the peculiar difficulties of their environment. For instance, when a howling nor'easter descends furiously upon the banks, driving sleet or biting cold rain before it, the banks ponies huddle together in a close circle, their heads all pointing toward the center of the group. Then, one by one, they change places in a systematic way, so that no individual pony will be exposed to the full force of the storm for more than a few minutes at a time. This is vouched for in all seriousness by “bankers,” who have lifelong familiarity with the ponies and their ways.

In meeting the exigencies of their struggle for survival, the small animals go about in herds, maintaining a semblance of community life, and meeting perils and hardships with a skill that is almost uncanny. At various times in the year, governed largely by the demand for them, the fully grown ponies are rounded up by their owners, and the difficult task of breaking them to harness and the saddle is begun. The ponies are immensely intelligent, but most of them have a streak of devilry that complicates the process of teaching them to work for man. It is even necessary to teach them to eat corn, ordinarily a staple article of equine diet. This is usually accomplished by stabling them with horses already accus-

tomed to it, and letting them learn by the example thus set.

Many of the banks ponies are owned on Roanoke Island, a scant three or four miles from the coastal island chain, and when they are taken to the island, according to the folk there, they must be kept penned up for weeks, else they will go unerringly to the east shore and swim across Roanoke Sound to their former homeland. Inured to hardships beyond those which an ordinary horse could stand, the banks ponies are noted far and wide for their strength and endurance, and are in constant demand for that reason, though ponies that formerly sold for \$100 apiece now bring only \$40 to \$50.

In the fifty-mile stretch between Kitty Hawk and Hatteras, there are many hundreds of these ponies. They pay only the most casual attention to passers-by as they nibble all day long at the sand grasses.

A Wise Horse

A writer in the *Huddersfield Advertiser* (England) tells a story of a horse at Ashelworth who was not satisfied with the way in which he had been shod; one of the shoes pinched the foot. The horse unlatched the gate of the field into which he had been turned and limped back to the smithy, a mile and a half away. “In the morning the blacksmith found him there, and the horse immediately walked up to the forge and then held up his injured foot for treatment. Of course the smith removed the faulty shoe and replaced it more carefully.” Then the horse galloped back to his field. If all horses could make their wishes known to us they would surely ask not only for comfortable shoes, but for those which enabled them to grip the surface of the road with that part of the foot provided by nature for the purpose—the frog.

A little boy living in this city lost an eye through that fiendish weapon, the air rifle, in the hands of another boy who didn't know. The distressing accident goes to show that even children are not safe so long as youngsters are permitted to use the deadly air rifle; and we all know what it means to birds, dogs and cats.

—Pueblo Indicator

Can a Horse Think?

JOYCE A. LYNN

THIS is a true story. I have long wanted to tell it to a larger circle of people than those with whom, in my quiet daily life, I come in contact.

The question as to “whether animals think” is so often discussed, that it implies that there are many people still who are doubtful about it. They probably have never been especially fond of animals, nor have lived very close to them by watching their ways, making companions of them and studying their habits.

In this day of automobiles, the horse has well nigh vanished; he holds an inconspicuous place in the background; yet the horse still has a place, and in all probability always will have, and it is about a horse that my story is to be.

After my father died, we still kept our driving horse, a large and handsome black fellow. He might well have been named “Black Beauty,” but instead he was called just “Ned.”

Much of his care now devolved upon me. I was, and am still, a lover of animals and I loved Ned. To care for him was no cross to me, even in the coldest weather of winter, or during a driving blizzard. Many a time, under such conditions, I would make two trips to the barn, at meal time, once to get his feed, take it into the house and mix it with hot water and a little salt, and when I gave it to him, he ate it with such apparent relish that I felt more than repaid for my trouble. Then it was my custom to unhitch him at meal time, so that after eating he was free to back out of his stall and drink from the water tank, for he would never touch water before eating. I knew just about how long it took him to eat his grain and drink his water and then I would go out again to tie him. I always found him back in his stall, munching hay, but proof was there that he had been over to the tank, for he never failed to splash the water about on the floor, as though he had been playing in it.

One very cold winter night I had fed him as usual and made my last trip out to tie him. He was in his stall, but it could plainly be seen that he had not been out to drink as all was dry about the tank, so I waited for him to come out, walking back and forth over the barn floor to keep myself warm. Still he did not come. I began to feel chilled, while Ned calmly continued to eat his hay, occasionally turning his head to gaze at me. It was not long, however, before he reasoned my presence and purpose there in the cold. He backed out of his stall, walked deliberately to the tank, and without even looking at the water, returned and went back into his stall. All of this showed plainly that he had thought out a way to let me know that he did not wish to drink; also it was plainly shown, that although but a dumb animal, he possessed much of the human quality of unselfishness. His actions spoke as loudly as any words could that he would not keep me waiting any longer. He was ready for me to tie him.

I have no doubt that animals think and have the same feelings as their human superiors, of course, in varying degrees, but the more an animal is made of and is petted, the more intelligent he grows and in the Great Beyond I cannot help believing that the spirit of the animal will be there, just as much as the spirit of the human. Surely there is a place big enough and broad enough for us all.



DONKEYS AND MULES ARE THE WATER-CARRIERS OF COLOMBIA

To His Mare

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD, in Poetry: a Magazine of Verse

MY girl has legs as slim and straight
As tule-rushes are.
Her eyes are lovely things to see
And always look afar.
Her little pointed restless ears,
Her haunches keen and strong—
My mare, my mare, my Betsey mare,
She's worth a bit of song.
Her nose is as soft as a woman's breast,
Her tail a cloud by night,
Her nostrils filled with morning fire—
A swallow in her flight.
Her feet are shod with the West Wind,
Her neck a bended bow;
And all my sins are left behind
When I dare to let her go.

No Greater Love

A True Story

MINNALU LOTZ MCKENNA

THE sun was intolerably hot and beat mercilessly upon the flat, zinc roof of the little one-story office occupied by the editor of *The Weekly Sun*, in a remote village of central Florida. His pet water-spaniel, "Jiggs," lay panting between the two open doors. The dog's little red tongue hung limply out of his drooping mouth.

Ever so often he would look beseechingly at the busy figure by the desk, but could get no response to his questioning gaze. Five o'clock, at last! Charles Sperry threw down his pencil and said, "There, Jiggs, old boy! I'm through. Wait until I get my hat and we'll go for a swim."

Jiggs wagged his tail expectantly and trudged happily at the heels of his master. After a companionable walk of half a mile, they came to a cool, quiet spot by the side of a sleeping lake. Stately, moss-fringed pine trees bordered the sandy banks and tall red-headed grasses nodded over the quiet water.

Jiggs ran playfully ahead of his master, but upon reaching the water's edge he ran back excitedly, giving a series of sharp, quick barks of alarm. Sperry walked to the spot where Jiggs had been. Seeing nothing unusual, he began taking off his shoes.

Jiggs came closer and barked angrily, grabbing at Sperry's pant legs. Sperry pushed him away and slipped his shirt over his head. The dog was frantic, barking and snapping at his beloved master as he had never done before.

Sperry became provoked and struck his pet hard enough to cause him to roll over on the ground. Jiggs rose shakily, just as his master stepped out of his trousers and poised for a jump into the lake.

Like a flash, something passed in front of him. He followed the sight and sound in time to see a great, evil jaw rise from the water, and as quickly close again—

A little smothered cry of pain, a horrible grinding of cruel alligator teeth and Jiggs was gone, while the water settled itself under the shadowy pines.

"Greater love hath no man than this, to give his life for his friend."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

A 38-Year-Old Delivery Horse

DR. GUY A. PETERSON



OLD "PETE" AND HIS DRIVER, JOHN GALLAGHER

IT is not often that a horse lives to the ripe old age of 38 years, and most of those that do attain this equine longevity become unsound or swaybacked with the passing of the years. Occasionally one does, however, and such an one is old "Pete," who will soon be 38 years old, according to the declared statement of John Gallagher, veteran barn boss for the Kennedy Dairy Company of Madison, Wisconsin. But in spite of his age, Pete still takes his white painted wagon full of milk bottles over his accustomed route for 365 days in the year. He has missed but two trips during the last ten years and these were due to illness. The route foreman for the dairy company estimates that Pete has delivered around 2,000,000 quarts of milk in the 17 years he has been owned by Kennedy's. Before that he went over the streets of the capital city of Wisconsin all day long on a trot as he pulled a clothes wagon for a local laundry company.

Because of good shoes and well-sloped pasterns, he has been able to withstand this third of a century of jar without developing any foot or hock trouble. He is shod every month during the summer, but since the invention of steel corks, his winter footing is kept secure by screwing in a set of these whenever the old ones wear out.

Good feed and barn care have kept him fat and healthy through the years. At each feeding he receives six quarts of crushed oats and all the timothy hay he wants. Salt and running water are before him in the manger, where he has access to them at all times. The only variation in the concentrate ration all the year around is that a pail full of bran is substituted for the six quarts of oats every Sunday noon. In order that he may properly utilize this feed, Mr. Gallagher keeps the horse's teeth in good trim by filing them, floating them down, and evening them up whenever they need it. As a result, his mouth is still in excellent condition.

Attention is also given to his comfort, for he is curried and cleaned each day with an electric vacuum cleaner that sucks out any loose hair or dirt that might irritate his skin. He wears a blanket in winter and has his hair

clipped in summer. What is perhaps more important, Mr. Gallagher always keeps Pete's collar properly fitted and his harness in perfect adjustment.

Aside from a little more petting and a little more publicity, Pete gets no care different from that given to all the other horses in the big stable where he has been promised a warm home and good feed as long as he lives. Three of his mates that are around thirty years of age are still going strong. It is largely due to the excellent care of John Gallagher, whose Irish heart has a big place for any good horse, that old Pete and the other horses in the Kennedy stalls always look so sleek and fat as they pull their white wagons full of life-giving milk over the city streets.

*All-Father! who on Mercy's throne
Hear'st Thy dumb creatures' faintest moan,
Thy love be ours, and ours shall be
Returned in deeds to these and Thee.*

REV. H. B. CARPENTER

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and thirty-seven new Bands of Mercy were reported in June, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 70 were in Rhode Island; 39 in Massachusetts; nine in Pennsylvania; six in Kansas; six in Virginia; four in South Carolina; one each in Vermont, Connecticut and District of Columbia.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 168,429

An Attractive Frontispiece

This month we present an excellent picture of the Orpheus Band of Mercy, organized in Atlanta, Georgia, by Anna Mae Farmer, a music teacher. The photograph is from the Lewis Photo Studio of Atlanta.

Mary A. Moore Memorial Band

EMMA W. ROBINSON

Miss Mary A. Moore, a teacher of Olathe, Kansas, died last year after 23 years' service in Washington school, during 17 of which she was principal. Two generations claim her instruction in kindness and mercy, temperance and righteousness. Fidelity, devotion to duty in guarding the safety and morals of her school, was her first and last thought. One woman said: "She was a mother to my boys." She had the valuable gift of discipline, to command and receive respect and obedience—her life-work was measured by the Golden Rule; she lived her religion.

She is greatly missed in the community, the Sunday-school, the church. The Parent-Teachers placed a bronze tablet in her memory on the wall of Washington school. During Be Kind to Animals Week a memorial Band of Mercy was organized in her name, with three presidents: Herbert Hoover, 1st and 2nd grades; Thelma Hubbard, 3rd and 4th grades; Eva Mae Turner, 5th and 6th grades. Miss Harriet Moore is the principal. To date the Band, including pupils and friends, numbers 280.



FEEDING THE BABY SQUIRREL



BAND OF MERCY, AURORA, ILL., ORGANIZED BY MRS. WILSON GROSHANS
Humane Officer, who has reached 1,000 children in schools with lessons on kindness to animals. Mrs. Groshans works without pay and is now in her twentieth active year of humane service

Win Prizes for Humane Acts

Prizes were awarded at a June meeting of the Prattville School Band of Mercy, Chelsea, Mass., to the boy or girl who did the most humane act during the preceding five weeks. Dana Philbrick received \$1 for saving a bird from a cat's mouth; Willis Delano, Jr., received a writing pad for finding a bird with a broken leg, putting it in splints and caring for it till it was able to fly away. Several honorable mentions were given for similar humane deeds, all of which were recounted before the school of 525 pupils. The prizes were given by Officer George W. Cass, founder of the Band.

Adopting a Squirrel

ALICE B. JONES

One morning my father woke me and called to my attention a mother squirrel scolding her baby in a loud voice. That afternoon my brother and I found a tiny squirrel which had fallen from a low roof and in some way cut the inside of his mouth.

We took him and laid him on an old towel in my lap. Then, taking a corner of a clean handkerchief, we bathed his mouth the best we were able. Heating some milk, we dipped a corner of a cloth into it and then let him suck the milk from the cloth.

The following day we were able to procure an eye-dropper. Filling this with milk, we fed him as shown in the picture where he is trying to get the milk from the eye-dropper without the aid of any of his friends.

We secured an old washtub and, filling it with rags, we made his sleeping quarters, which we placed in our barn. He was free to go and come as he pleased, and often would curl up in the pocket of my leather jacket and spend the afternoon.

Every day upon our arrival home from school, we would take a few nuts and some milk to feed him. However, we had to let him find food for himself very soon because at our summer home there are no trees like the ones in Cambridge.

Western Tanager

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

FLAMING

In the silver fir,
The exotic
Tanager.

Crimson-crested,
Dressed in yellow,
Song a cadence
Honey-mellow.

Like an orchid
The wind tosses
It among
The Druid mosses.

BAND OF MERCY SUPPLIES

Our Dumb Animals, June, 1926, to December, 1927, bound in cloth each, \$1.50
Colored Posters, 17 x 28 inches, with attractive pictures and verses, six in the set \$1.00
Be Kind to Animals Blotters, 6 1/2 x 3 1/2 \$0.50 per 100

Humane Education

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" Selections from book by Dallas Lore Sharp, 32 pp. each, 5 cts.
A Great Prophecy, Dr. Rowley Free
The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education, 32 pp. each, 10 cts.

Humane Stamps, in colors \$0.25 per 100
"Be Kind to Animals" Pennants each, 25 cts.
"Be Kind to Animals" Placard each, 3 cts.
The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, cloth, 35 cts., paper, 15 cts.

Friends and Helpers (selections for school use), Sarah J. Eddy cloth, 96 cts.
Humane Education—for Parents and Teachers, 20 pp. each, 10 cts.
Humane Day Exercises for 1928 \$2.00 per 100
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals 3.00 " "
Humane Education, What to Teach and How to Teach It50 " "
Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty50 " "
Outlines of Study in Humane Education, 8 pp. 1.50 " "
A Talk with the Teacher50 " "
The Coming Education30 " "

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles—Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A. \$1.00 per 100
Buttons—white star on blue ground, with gilt letters and border, one cent each 1.00 " "
Badges, gold finish, large, 10 cts. small, 5 cts.
"Band of Mercy" Pennant 35 cts.
Songs of Happy Life, with Music, S. J. Eddy 50 cts.
Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only), \$3.00 per 100
Band of Mercy Membership Card50 " "
How to Form Bands of Mercy50 " "

Complete price-list will be mailed free upon application

American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.



Bird Trades

THE swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know
The oriole is the best,
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—
A carpenter is he—
And you may hear him hammering
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;
Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, too,
Among the birds are found.

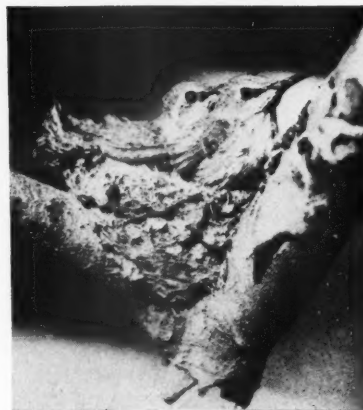
Mrs. Hummingbird at Home

GAY J. JUMP

FIRST made the acquaintance of Mrs. Hummingbird when she took her bath in the spray from my hose when I was watering my California garden. Morning after morning, a flash of green and gold, she flitted into the very tip-end of the spray, her long, strong wings beating the air with such incredible rapidity that they seemed to make a mist about her tiny body. As I watched her, I knew why hummingbirds are sometimes called "gems of the air"—no gem was ever more beautiful, more colorful, more gleaming than these tiny birds. After getting wet, she flew away a little distance, sat on the ground, and preened herself, then flitted back into the spray. Perhaps because she had taken her bath in my presence so often, she did not seem at all afraid of me and when she was hunting insects in the orange blossoms in the yard or in the honeysuckle which grew over the back porch, she

did not let my presence near her disturb her in the least.

And then one morning I noticed that she was flitting about and picking up bits of down from the yard. My heart went pit-a-pat. I had always wanted to find the nest of a hummingbird. But so swiftly did she move that my eye could not follow her and in despair I almost gave up the search. And then one day when I was not thinking of her at all, I saw her fly out of a lemon tree. Something told me that she had just left her home. Very carefully I searched the tree, for I knew that the nest would be very small. At last in a crotch of the tree I came upon it—a tiny, tiny cup of down, almost the exact color of the limb upon which it rested and looking like a knot on it. Patiently I stood near the tree with my kodak in my hands until she became used to my presence there and finally I was rewarded by a picture of her at home and later a picture of her two babies sitting in the nest.



BABY HUMMINGBIRDS

WAKE, little birdling, the morning is calling;
Up from the marshes the mist vapors creep;
Over the meadows the sunbeams are falling,
Waking wee birds from their sleep.
Down in the woodland the blackbirds are crying,
Up in the elm-tree the oriole sings,
Time to be up and take lessons in flying—
Trying those little new wings!

—Boston Globe

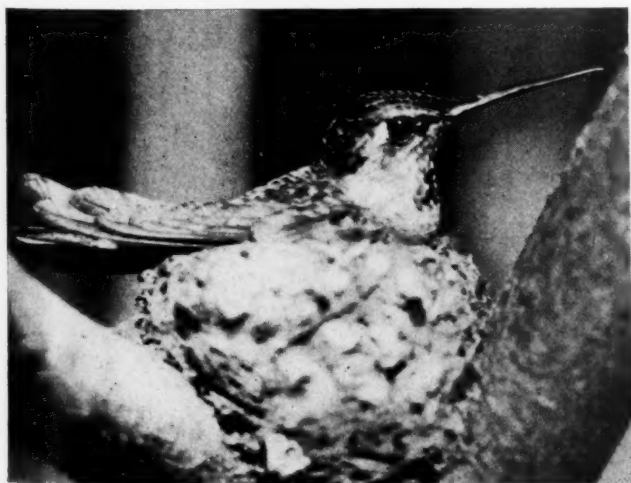
Origin of the Polar Bear

[GAY J. JUMP

Eskimos say that a long, long time ago—a thousand years ago—the great-grandfather of all the black Siberian bears became dreadfully bored with his monotonous life and tired of staying in the same place. He decided to travel and set out on a journey to the North Pole. But the hardships of the journey were great and he suffered so much with the cold that his hair turned white. And this was the beginning of the white Polar bears whose color so closely matches their surroundings among the ice-floes of the Arctic.



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